

# SOCIETY FOLLOWS KING GEORGE TO SCOTLAND

LONDON, Sept. 7.—The royal migration to Scotland has taken place and society is following the example of the King and Queen and abandoning London or returning from it to the Highlands and the Lowlands to go to shooting boxes in the Highlands to live the simple life.

This year houses and lodges in Scotland are at a premium. Never before has there been such a demand for them, and since the summer's holiday, prices have risen to figures which delight the souls of the thrifty Scotch lairds who have places to let. Every bit of accommodation is stretched to its uttermost, and in some cases, nearly cottages are pressed into service and the cottagers are reaping a nice little harvest.

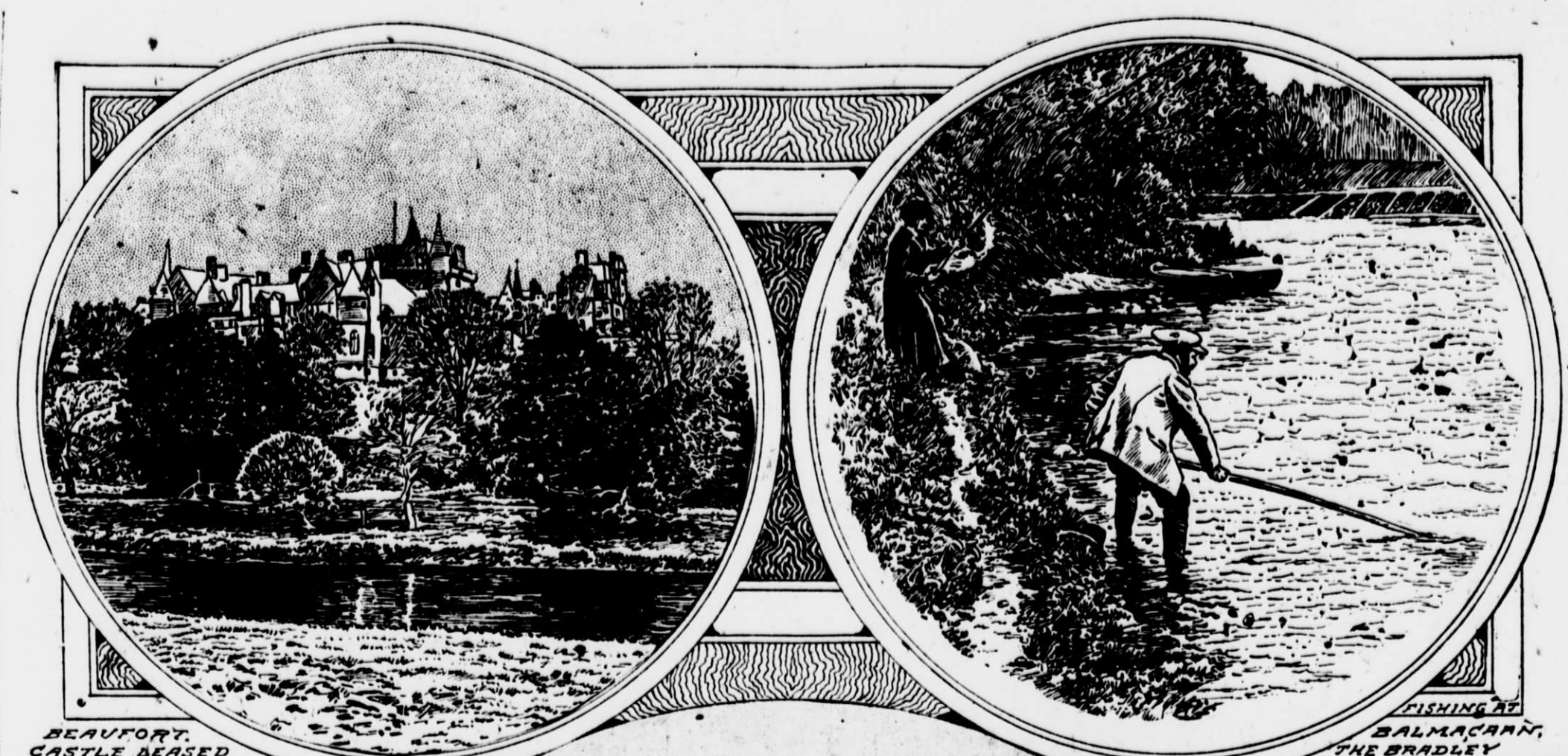
The motor has made visiting an easy affair. Even the smallest houses in the country have garages nowadays and accommodations for chauffeurs, so the proper thing to do is to send maids and valets ahead with the luggage by train, and to go from house party to house party leisurely and comfortably in an automobile.

Of course to the Britisher interest centres in the King's shooting parties at Balmoral, the Scotch home of the royal family, which King George loves best of all the royal residences. In the latter years of his life King Edward had rather given up hunting and shooting, while the fatigues of deer stalking had long been a thing of the past with him, and his autumnal visits to Balmoral were usually short.

Then too he never really cared for his mother's favorite home, which came to him as his personal property and not as a possession of the Crown. The air, which is generally pronounced pure and invigorating, did not agree with him and he always complained to those about him that the place was damp and gloomy. All this did not prevent his making many improvements in the castle and grounds.

Queen Victoria, with the absence of taste which characterized her, had furnished the rooms with carpets, hangings and upholstery of a particularly ugly Tartan known as Balmoral. Even the walls were covered with this material and the general effect set one's teeth on edge. She would never allow any improvements or renovations made in the castle. There was only one bath in the establishment, bedrooms were small and dark, each chair in the place was a model of discomfort, there was no electric light and no telephone.

King Edward changed all this. Two or even three small rooms were converted into one and several bathrooms were added. All the early Victorian furniture and the Tartan upholstery were consigned to oblivion and really adequate heating apparatus was installed, so that a "royal



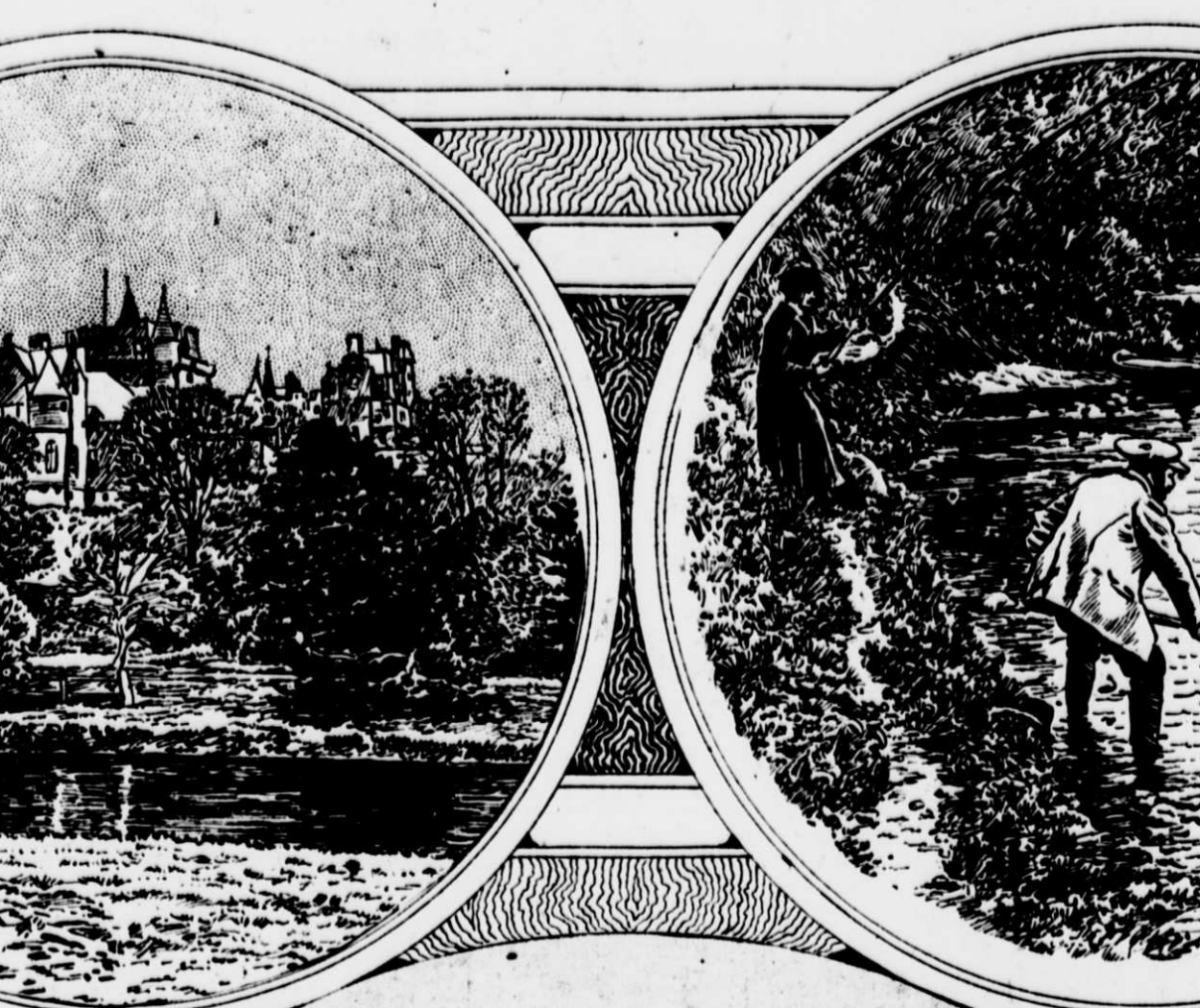
BEAUFORT CASTLE, BEAUFORT, TOC W. OGDEN.

command" to stay at Balmoral was no longer a thing to be dreaded.

The present King and Queen are reaping the benefits of these improvements. They have not found it necessary to spend any money on the castle, so perfectly was it equipped when it came into their hands. They and their children love this Scotch home and it is partly due to their enthusiasm that the popularity of the Scotch season has increased.

Seen from a distance the house seems to rise from a mass of forest trees, but there is open ground all round. The gardens on the west and north slope down to the River Dee, which is so near the castle that the rush and whirl of its torrents can be heard in the house.

As King George is a sportsman his stay at Balmoral will be devoted to shooting and deer stalking. Parties of sportsmen have been "commanded" for brief visits and already the woods are resounding with shots, the barking of dogs and the shouts of beaters. The Queen takes no part in this, but merely plays hostess to the hunters when they come home from a day spent in wandering over the moors. Every one retires early, since there is no bridge, and of course every one is up betimes in the morning.



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very fond of fishing also, and at Flook Castle gets plenty of salmon.

Lady Suffolk spends most of her time in the country on Lord Suffolk's various estates, as she does not care for London, and her husband has taught her to ride and shoot and has even initiated her into the intricacies of deer stalking. At present Lord and Lady Suffolk have a party for grouse shooting at Kildermorie, where, recently, the host contributed thirty-five and a half brace of grouse to the bag in a single day.

Mrs. David Beatty is acting hostess to Admiral Beatty's parties at Invercauld, where the Beattys are near neighbors of the royal family. Mrs. Beatty takes no part in the sport of the season, but she looks sympathetic when talk of the day's proceedings is in progress and her parties are successful. A little later King George is to have a day's deer stalking with Admiral Beatty.

Sir George and Lady Cooper are at Glenfeshie Lodge, Inverness-shire, where they are to have a series of parties, mostly of young people. Neither Lady Cooper nor her daughter, Miss Harriet Cooper, is enthusiastic about sport.

Balmacrae is the headquarters for American game in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin keep open house in their Inverness-shire home, which they have rented for several seasons from Caroline Lady Seaford. The grounds include extensive grouse moors and deer forests and a river where fish abound. Bradley Martin is an enthusiastic angler, but he is not averse to a good day's shooting or even to tracking down a stag. This year Balmacrae is crowded even to its hospitable limits.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould are entertaining at Dunachton in Inverness-shire and Lord and Lady Deiles are among their guests. The grouse are numerous and plump at Dunachton and the Goulds are charmed with the place and the sport.

H. P. Whitney has leased the Holwick Hall grouse moors from the Earl of Strathmore. A hundred beaters are to be employed and Mr. Whitney expects a record season. He has brought E. Harriman and H. Burden over as his guests and several English sportsmen are to join the party a little later.

Lord Lovat's beautiful seat in Scotland, Beaufort Castle, has been let to C. W. Ogden from New York, who is to have a series of parties during the season. This is one of the loveliest places in the Highlands and the shooting is excellent.

Lord and Lady Ancester are entertaining for various shoots at Normanton and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Mrs. Higgins are helping Lady Ancester in her duties as hostess.

There are many men in England who in the ordinary course of events get few invitations to house parties, but they are excellent sportsmen and the Scotch season is their time of social triumph, for a host who is an enthusiastic shot likes the record of his house to be high. He wants a big bag every day and above all he wants to beat his neighbor, so though a sportsman may be hopeless as a conversationalist and without any drawing room graces he is an important guest during this one season.

## The One Inch Vial

### Cronkite Neglects Judge Marcellus's Advice and Follows the One Tangible Bit of Evidence

"And the only clue is the tiny one inch vial which held the deadly stuff and was found on the floor of Stephen Kron's bedroom," said Judge Josiah Marcellus. "You won't have much to build upon, Cronkite, in that slow inductive way of yours."

"Better start with my theory that the one benefitted by the act committed the act. Here is the theorem: Stephen Kron, entitled to the life estate, is mysteriously done to death by poison slipped into the quieting drink he was accustomed to have by his bedside, and Walter Pritchard thereupon succeeds to the reversion. Hence—"

Cronkite shook his head.

"Wait a moment, Abe," persisted the Judge, "until you hear the corroborative circumstances."

"While the two men were cousins, they had no feeling or liking in common and were mutually hostile. Kron was a semi-invalid, pampered by his mother; a home body, respectable and prudent. Pritchard has always been reckless, extravagant and thoughtless, and at the time of his cousin's death was so embarrassed as not to know where to turn for ready money."

"When I add that he had both access to and acquaintance with the house, why, it looks as if I had come pretty close to making out a prima facie case against him."

But the detective's lips were still pursed disapprovingly.

"I will do what you say, of course, Judge," at length he said, "but I don't like to, for many reasons."

"Mr. Pritchard's lack of stability, prudence and forthrightness argues to my mind for his innocence. He would not take the pains to poison. Such a crime demands minute care of a hundred details, the sort of care that women exercise."

"Indeed, in its secret working and its freedom from violence poisoning is essentially a feminine crime. Seek the woman, I should say."

"And seek the motive, say I," declared the Judge.

"A motive is not hard to find, as you yourself have shown, Judge, but the motive is quite another thing. Poisoning is an obscure crime. Its sources like its actions are covered by the darkness. I will follow your lead, as is my duty, but to do my work best I must do it in my own way."

"Therefore I will stick to the one tangible bit of evidence in the case, the one inch vial. Think what its small size and even smaller capacity imply. Why, it is well nigh inconceivable that a poisoner who took every possible precaution has not a further supply of the poison, and in the same sort of vial, which it seems holds just the deadly amount required."

"Were this not so her imprudence. I will say her would be more egregious than Pritchard's, for the one vial might be lost or broken and cause the plot to fail when in every other respect ready to succeed. Besides, Judge, poisoning is a progressive crime. One who poisons once is tempted to poison again, though the second victim be herself."

"Do what you please, Abe, as you always do," cried the Judge despairingly, "so long as you stop philosophizing and begin to do it. My client, old Mrs. Kron,

has not been able to eat or sleep since the authorities have virtually abandoned the case. She says that her son continually calls upon her for vengeance."

"I have arranged with her agent for you to do down the big house as his employee to take an inventory of the furniture, books and other belongings, all of which were Stephen's personal property and now pass to his mother, though likely enough Pritchard will make a lump bid for them. This will give you a free hand there for a week at least."

"The better for that," Pritchard is then now, and I understand that his fiancée, Miss Flora Welles, and her sister Eunice, with their mother, Mrs. Mabel Welles, as chaperon of course, are going down to-day."

"I could tell you a strange thing about Mrs. Welles, a remarkably well preserved handsome woman, by the way, though her husband has been dead for twenty years to my certain knowledge, but you are so infernally discursive—"

"Tell me, Judge, and then I won't have to be."

"Well, if you will go right along and won't think of it again."

Whereupon Cronkite did go right along, and so effectively too that by the time the Welles ladies reached the big house that evening he was a fixture there by the name of Guffin, as inconsiderate yet accepted, as the cases in the library over which he was bending with pencil and pad. Yet while his keen eyes and sharp ears were observing and catching and his memory was storing and storing, and involving the queer thing he had heard and been charged to forget of the gracious and stately woman with abundant fair hair and creamy complexion that a girl might envy. Indeed, they were plainly deemed him hopelessly discursive, but then one who follows clues can't stand still.

The bluff generosity which answered Pritchard so well in place of the care, foresight and judgment he lacked caused him to insist that the respectable Mr. Guffin should sit at the family table. The detective did not indeed add much more to the talk than did old Mrs. Kron, who stole down like a shade from the upper rooms she still occupied, to steal back again after never a word and scarcely a bite, but his good natured composure did help to lighten the gloom of such a presence.

The first breakfast served to strengthen Cronkite's impression of Pritchard. What might have been the Judge's whirling around the manifold faults of the man who is his own worst enemy, there was no more ulterior purpose about him than about a mountain pool of limpid water.

Cronkite liked the Welles ladies too. The girls were pretty, frank and jolly, while he found positive pleasure in his observation of Mrs. Welles. She seemed the ideal matron, replete with the beauty, grace and dignity that befitted her age and station. It was like looking upon the fine portrait of a finished lady, except that now and again he could not fail to note the tiny lines that shot from the corners of her arched lips, like veins in porcelain, to vanish in the very signal of a pain.

That day served too to acquaint Cronkite with the servants, fixed and occasional. They were a proper lot, from Filkins, the pudgy butler, to Miss Celeste,

the village hairdresser, whose office it was daily to arrange Mrs. Kron's modest front.

That afternoon Harry Walling came down from the city, and it was obvious from the way his strong, dark face lightened that Eunice Welles's bright eyes formed the magnet that had drawn him. Mrs. Kron, it is true, looked even more repellent and sinister when she slipped into her chair, but for all that a quiet joy permeated the dinner, radiating from the two pairs of lovers, while Mrs. Welles beamed like the moon with a light the softer for its reminiscence.

But yet Cronkite from the lower corner was secretly annoyed to feel the warning of his tense nerves. So, for all his apparent stolidity, had they often reacted on a sunny day before the invisible lower of an approaching storm. Was there then impending catastrophe, veiled by the general brightness, but still lurking perhaps behind Mrs. Kron's gloom? Perforce he put every wit on guard.

The pudgy butler came with a dish, which in old fashioned form he offered to the inspection of the guests. As he reached it in front of Mrs. Welles, the button on his coat sleeve caught in the shining coils of her hair. Down fell the abundant locks in a golden shower nearly to the floor, while upon the floor a little something which fell with them tinkled.

The confused servant laid down the dish and picked this something up. It was a tiny one inch vial, filled with a liquid as yellow as the hair.

There was an astounded gasp all around, and then it was a pretty sight to see how Flora and Eunice sprang to their mother's side, as she still sat wondering unconsciously what had happened. They doily arranged the tresses, folding their arms about her and petting her as if she were a child.

It was startling to note the effect of what had just happened upon Mrs. Kron. Like a startled bird she whirled around the table. She snatched the vial from the pudgy butler's grasp. She flashed it across the faces of the three women.

"You wretch!" she screamed, glaring into Mrs. Welles's eyes. "It was you, was you, who murdered my poor Steve, so that that fool and your brat could waste his wealth."

"Oh, come now, Aunt Julia," said Pritchard, half rising. "We all know how you have suffered and want to make every good word. But really, you know, our good, kind Mrs. Welles, of all persons in the world that is going a little too far."

"Surely, Eunice," suggested Walling, who had hurried to her, "surely, you dear mother can explain in a word that she knows nothing whatever about it. I believe that this man here dropped the vial himself."

"You wretch!" she screamed, glaring into Mrs. Welles's eyes. "It was you, was you, who murdered my poor Steve, so that that fool and your brat could waste his wealth."

"You alone know who I am and why I am here," she whispered. "Either send for the Judge, and go dignifiedly to your room and there await his coming, or I'll leave the case to utter confusion. There is no risk of Mrs. Welles trying to escape. Can't you see for yourself?—Do what I say."

"Mother, mamma, dearest, do speak," Mrs. Welles was imploring.

But Mrs. Welles still sat staring with lustrous eyes, while about her quivering lips gathered the manifold lines in witness of a torture that words could only increase.

they watched and waited for the old family physician.

Cronkite stuck his head in the pantry, where the pudgy butler was now polishing his plate.

"I'm like you, Filkins," he said, "in not bothering my head over what doesn't concern me. I've got quite enough to do without that." And off he stumped noisily to the library, to retrace his steps just as noiselessly.

"Zat and zat," came a soft voice from the pantry, followed by two softer sounds.

At 9 o'clock Judge Marcellus arrived. He chatted pleasantly with the two young men, still lingering over the gloom dispelling cigars and wine. He consulted gravely with the old family physician awaiting his coming in the little reception room. He went upstairs and so admonished his client, Mrs. Kron, that she kept her room in the thickening shadows, subject to his call. Then casually remarking that he had better see how that fellow Guffin was getting on with the inventory, he joined Abe Cronkite in the library.

"It goes back to the woman, sir," said the detective quietly.

"The woman? But, great heavens, what woman?" returned the Judge, agitatedly. "You surely don't suspect that poor creature upstairs, now in the throes of an awful malady that is fairly withering her away?"

"I surely don't suspect Mrs. Welles, sir, of anything worse than a folly which has been almost a crime toward herself and has made practicable the deadly crime we are now investigating, the murder of Stephen Kron. Do you remember the strange thing you told me about her, that you were present at her wedding many years ago, and that she not only looked older than her husband then but in some respects older than she looks now?"

"Yes, and I remember that I warned you not to be discursive, Abe," answered the Judge dryly.

"Discursive? Let us see. Did you never hear, sir, that there are certain poisons, notably arsenic, but I judge even more virulent, which, if taken regularly, in graduated doses, will strengthen, preserve and beautify? Did you never hear that persons addicted to such a habit will exercise the most cunning ingenuity in securing and concealing such a poison? Did you never hear that deprivation of it would cause such a person to shrivel into pitiable old age, and that sometimes a sudden shock would have all the effects and worse of such a deprivation?"

"Stop, Abe, stop with your suches," cried the Judge. "You recall many little incidents, long since forgotten, that convince me that your suspicions are true. But don't you see, man, what is the direct consequence of them? No wonder that discovery has blighted her like an infernal blast. She is guilty, man; she is guilty."

"It was vanity, sir, not guilt, that caused the shock. Think what it would mean to a refined and lovely woman like Mrs. Welles to admit, as she knew at once she would have to admit, that she had been the slave of such a habit. Think what it would mean to her when she realized, as she must have realized at once, that even if absolved of the murder she would be deemed privy to it, an accessory who had unwittingly furnished the poison and wittingly refrained from informing the authorities."

"But the vial fell from her hair; it was concealed in her hair."

"And where would be a safer, surer place for her to keep it, until she could take it secretly?"

"Not so safe and sure when it fell."

"Ah, she never reckoned that the murderer, driven on by crime's dreadful unceasing, would not rely on her silence, but would plot to throw suspicion on her, to incriminate her by her own silence."

"Then you mean that old Filkins, the butler, deliberately pulled down her hair? He is a decent, respectable man, mind."

"No was Samson, sir."

say is this Delilah, this worse than Delilah?"

"None other than Miss Celeste, the village hairdresser, sir. Didn't I hear her paying him for his treachery with a kiss?"

"But the motive, Abe, the motive? Remember that it is as obvious in the case of Mrs. Welles as I argued it was in the case of Pritchard."

"Yes, and remember that I conceded that the wealth that would come to Pritchard and of course to Miss Welles, whom he is going to marry, was a motive. But the motive, sir, that you will find is quite another thing."

There was a rap at the door. In glided Mrs. Kron to increase the shades of the shadowy old room.

"I can't help it," she declared vehemently. "While you sit putting her in plotting to escape. I know it from a sure source."

"Pray sit down, madam," returned the Judge easily, "and give yourself no concern. If what you say is true, then it would be the best possible thing for your purpose; the worst possible thing for Mrs. Welles."

"Don't you know that an attempted escape under the circumstances would certainly be construed as a confession? And let me assure you that the attempt would surely be frustrated. Cronkite is too old a hand to take any such chance as that. The house is guarded without, and any one who seeks to leave it to-night—any one, mark you—will first be brought here to make full explanation to me."

"Now as I have been so frank with you, you must be equally frank with me. Whence comes this sure information of yours? You haven't seen Mrs. Welles yourself since she was led fainting from the dining room?"

"Frightened, you mean," sneered Mrs. Kron. "No, luckily for her, I haven't."

"Nor her daughters, nor her physician?"

"No, no."

"Then, who is it that possesses this information so exclusive, let me tell you, as to be significant if true, but even more significant if false?"

"What if one devoted to my interests had listened at their door?" asked Mrs. Kron sullenly.

"There has not been a word uttered in that room, madam. Have the physician's word for it. Mrs. Welles lies in a stupor; her daughters have been cautioned to keep the deepest silence."

Again there was a rap on the door. Two men advanced, conducting by the arm a frail and sorrow young woman with black eyes glittering intensely.

"We caught her slipping out the cellar-way," said one of the men, "and so fetched her here, according to orders."

"What do you mean, Celeste, by telling me such a lie?" snapped Mrs. Kron in the same breath.

"Miss Celeste, the village hairdresser, wriggled herself from her captors. She poised, with folded arms, half crouching, like some wild creature at bay."

"It was ze truth, ze truth and more," she protested. "I heart zem planning to come here, into zis room, to get ze rest of ze poison. Hid, you may see for yourself, hid undaze ze left uppaire corner of ze fireplace. So!"

Even as she spoke, Cronkite pried out the tile. There, in the fine dust, lay two tiny one inch vials filled with yellow liquid. In the same instant the detective strode forward and caught the woman's right hand.

"You put them there yourself," he said calmly. "You learned poor Mrs. Welles's secret habit from once finding a vial hid in her hair. You watched her, you managed to fish these two vials and one at least beside from her store. Don't deny it, when you left your sign manual

in the dust. See, Judge; see, Mrs. Kron!"

And the lawyer and the matron bending low saw the print of trim, slender fingers with long, pointed nails, the very impression to a line of those now caught and held in Cronkite's grasp.

"Ret is false!" screamed Celeste.

"And with the third vial," concluded Cronkite, "you poisoned Stephen Kron."

"My son?" cried Mrs. Kron. "Why, he wouldn't even look at her."

"That was the trouble, madam, or, as the Judge would say, the motive. Why, even the servants joke about her hopeless infatuation for him."

"Zat ees a lie, anozzer, bigger lie!" screamed Celeste, even more vehemently.

"An contraire, he was after me, he promised, oh, he promised—"

And then she stopped short, while a paller crept underneath her sallow skin and the blaze of her eyes grew dim.

"You see," said Cronkite.

And then it was that Celeste's left hand, pressed tightly over her bosom, flashed to her lips. A little something that tinkled fell to the floor. It was a tiny one inch vial, an empty one inch vial.

"You see," mocked Celeste, livid through her sallowness. "Voila!" And she too fell to the floor.

### MANY USES OF MEXICAN PLANT.

Furnishes Medicine, Drink and Fibre for Basket Weaving.

From the Washington Post.

In Mexico there is a plant that feeds a greater number of persons in more different ways than is known perhaps in any other country of the world, said G. W. Lucas, topographical engineer for the Mexican Transcontinental Railway.

The maguey is a species of cactus which thrives in greatest extent and profusion along the great mesa of the republic of Mexico. It is perhaps the most remarkable plant, as regards its utilization, of all the more common tropical plants on earth. In this country a plant of the same family is known as the century plant, but of course the variety in Mexico is different, and here apparently the plant is used only for ornamental purposes.

This plant throws out tiny sprouts with from five to eight branches edged with small spines or needles, which identify it as of the cactus family. It does not attain to its full growth until its fifth year, but it may be made useful two years earlier. In its third year one or all of its branches are tapped, making cavities in the sides of the branch in which the sap or juice of the plant collects.

This latter liquid is what is known in Mexico as aqua miel, an efficacious medicine in many disorders of the human system, but it must be used as such the first day after it is picked. If allowed to stand fermentation takes place and the aqua miel changes into what is known as the most common of the intoxicating drinks of Mexico—pulque.

When distilled pulque is the great national drink of Mexico and is known as mescal. The mescal distilled in the State of San Luis Potosi is regarded as the best quality and is called tequila.

It is not only in its medicinal and drinking qualities that the maguey plant is useful. It is one of the most important fibre plants in Mexico and is utilized in the weaving of baskets and clothing. It is a tough fibre, but as flexible as a linen thread."

### Illegal Sponge Fishing.

From the Washington Herald.

Considerable trouble is being given officials of the revenue cutter service in their efforts to regulate sponge fishing among the Florida Keys.

## The Methodical Man's Vacation

"Well," said a man who works for a living and keeps it up fifty-two weeks in the year, "my vacation's over. Now I'm ready to dig in again."

"Where did you go this year?" his friend asked him.

"Where did I go?" echoed the digger, "where I always go—nowhere. I never go anywhere. I take my vacation right here, sleeping over."

"I'm a man of system, method. I wouldn't call myself a mechanical person, but I certainly am systematic, methodical and I should be uncomfortable any other way."

"For instance I get up every morning at twenty minutes past 6. That gives me exactly five minutes I require to get through everything and get my breakfast and get to the office on time comfortably, and month after month I keep to that always at the same hour, but every year there comes a time when I deliberately get reckless and sleep over a few mornings, and that's my vacation."

"That time comes in the month of August when business is at a low ebb; slack water and nothing doing at all; when we might just as well close the office as far as that goes; and when that time comes I start my vacation."